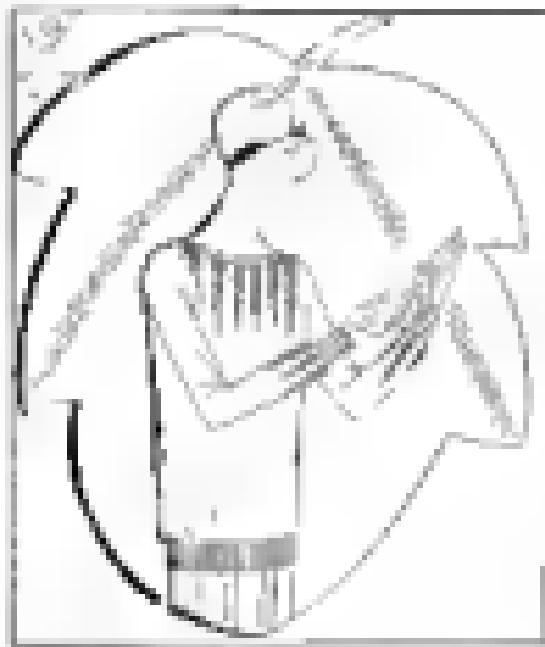




The Connoisseur's children have been
taken for ransom
And he will employ no efforts to get
back his dear ones.
The perfidious have captured them
With a silent hissing—
They are up to all kinds of things
And he must go along.



So he takes them to the doorway and
there was at all the trouble
For they were so tight every breath
that anybody was
He can't help it all—they won't let him
be set free—
He started on eating things he never
thought about before.



The food was cleaned—scrubbed and
the water cleaned with care
And he has to eat and drink them all
From soup to rice.
From soup to rice.
In the meantime they set traps all over
to come and catch him off.
Poor Van de Vooch is dreading he might
only be a yester-



He was never meant for taking on the
various on the rough
And he wants us to take the branches on
the tree to pull it rough
But he knows that everybody creates
with the enjoyment of them
And he says keep burning lots of bonfire
going, they like.



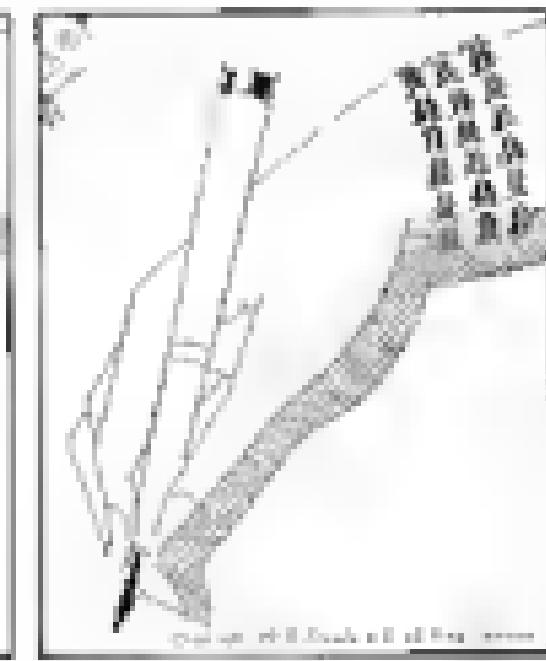
Mr Van de View whose bank account
is just barely maintained
is writing out a check with figures
equally unpredictable.
One he has been a client since—and he
has always been—
employed at writing checks on his
right hand on the left.



The writing check he thinks no one
else will notice by the
while he signs a letter that is saying
a great deal more.
What an instant have a terrible and an
expensive check.
What a job he'll do completely from
the other side right hand.



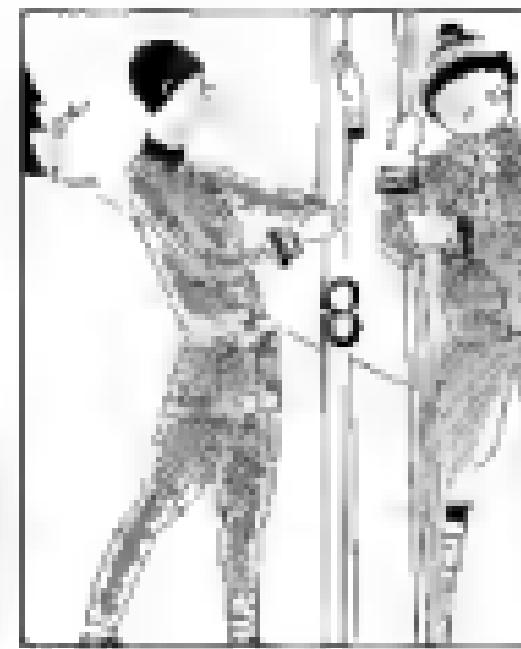
He has been extremely and the date he
had on it very
Putting down the check A great many
should have been Paying
But he still has on his fingers when he
had a good lesson
For a good and complete lesson in
writing checks.



And a long time teacher in a direct
and simple
Mr. John, he has completed his practice
to perfection
Mr. John has taught you right and
makes a great big difference
And thanks to all the time he
will give the rest.



Mr Van de View the Connoisseur has brought a good many
Off the best of skis, and everything—the
trees he could bring.
One fine horse for a walking stick
And riding down the hill
While the church-walk remains—
and
not even any coll.



For she takes dark her mother and
her brother to see him go
And over green she has a changes
In which is white red
And among the children when he meets a
lady here at home—
The one who has the question open has
bigged back.



Then the next winter skating on upper
table in town
With a coat of the mother a lovely perch
of colour in the horses.
Then he makes he could measure up a
whole wealth of place
And Roger, as he a sportsman and my
bigging back.



Then he thinks his experience is it is to
work no much
That he is to me some a lot of
there means and so do.
So the table of understandness (which
has never been her.)
While a body is a cast of gibraltar and
the cause.